SUB-MARINER COMICS

NO. 12

WINTER ISSUE

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SUB-MARINER

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE IN WHICH **NAMOR** MATCHES BRAIN AND BRAWN WITH A BRUTAL, CUNNING FOE WHEN HE DELIVERS A

STUNNING BLOW TO NIPPON!

SUB-MARINER TAKES AN EVENING STROLL ALONG THE MAIN STREET OF A WESTERN SEAPORT CITY...

WONDER WHAT THE ATTRACTION IS AT THAT THEATRE?

PLAZA THEATRE
IN PERSON
SPEED SWIMMING CHAMP
CARL WILDMER

(BIG SWIM MEET...OPEN TO ALL COMERS... SEE CHAMP WILDMER IN ACTION...) WELL, WELL, RIGHT UP MY ALLEY. I'LL GET MY TICKET NOW!

OOPS! SO SORRY I WAS TOO INTERESTED IN THIS...

HOW STUPID AND AWKWARD!

BUMP!

WHY YA CLUMSY FISH FACE! I'LL KNOCK SOME RESPECT INTO YOUR CLUMSY HIDE!

IT WAS ACCIDENTAL, WILDMER! LET HIM GO!

TAKE IT EASY CHAMP! THERE'S TOO MUCH FIGHTING IN THIS WORLD NOW!

SO THAT'S THE CHAMP EH? NOT A NICE FELLOW TO SAY THE LEAST!

THANKS, FRIEND! FOR YOUR HELP! NOT THAT I THINK I NEEDED IT! BUT YOU PREVENTED A DISAGREEABLE SCENE!

THAT'S O.K. PAL! I'M GOING TO THE SWIM MEET, CARE TO JOIN ME?

GOOD THING FOR FISH FACE THAT MARINE STEPPED IN!

HOW MANY, PLEASE!

I'LL GET THE TICKETS..... TWO, PLEASE!

SECOND AND THIRD SEATS IN THIS ROW, PLEASE!

THANK YOU!

OUR SHOW OPENS WITH THE DIVING MARVELS... THE FOUR ENGELS SISTERS! WATCH THEM GO!

LOOK AT THAT! AREN'T THEY WONDERFUL!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO WELL-TIMED!

THEY ARE GOOD!

LATER... ...AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE GREAT WILDMER, CHAMPION SPEED SWIMMER, WILL COMPETE AGAINST ANYONE WHO DARES TO CONTEST HIM.....TO THE END OF THE POOL AND BACK... A CERTIFIED CHECK OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AWAITS THE MAN WHO CAN WIN THIS EVENT!

I'LL RACE AGAINST HIM!

GOOD FOR YOU, AND I HOPE YOU BEAT HIM!

LOOK WHO'S SPOKEN UP!

WELL, WELL, FISH FACE, YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE, THERE'S NO MARINE TO HELP YOU OUT THIS TIME!

HERE'S THE VOLUNTEER! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SIR!

NAMOR! AND I'LL BE READY IN A JIFFY!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, CHAMP, JUMP ACROSS?

ALL RIGHT, GET SET AT THE COUNT OF THREE ... GO! CUT THE WISECRACKS MR. NAMOR AND GET SET! ... ONE ... TWO...

THREE! GO!

GUESS I'VE GIVEN HIM ENOUGH OF A START! NOW TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF HIM!

TOLD YOU TO GET SET, YOU DUNCE HE'S NEARLY TO THE OTHER END!

WHAT A FARCE THAT NAMOR GUY IS, HE HASN'T A CHANCE IN A BILLION NOW!

GET THE MARINES TO HELP YOU ACROSS FISH FACE!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

AT THE OTHER END...

HELLO, WILDMER! WHAT'S BEEN HOLDING YOU UP?

WHY YOU... HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET HERE?

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET... GET STARTED BACK AND DON'T LOAF ON THE WAY!

ON THE WAY BACK PRINCE NAMOR CUTS SOME CAPERS.

THIS IS WHAT'S CALLED SWIMMING CIRCLES AROUND YOU, CHUMP!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S PART OF THE ACT?

THAT AIN'T NO ACT, LADY! THAT GUY KIN SWIM!

GOSH!

WELL I'LL BE!

NAMOR WINS BY HALF THE LENGTH OF THE POOL. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! NOR HAVE YOU! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN THIS GUY IS A SENSATION!

AND LATER IN THE THEATRE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

HERE'S THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR CHECK... WHAT'S YOUR FULL NAME?

JUST MAKE THAT OUT TO WAR EMERGENCY RELIEF!

AT THIS MOMENT ON A JAP SUB NOT FAR FROM THE CITY.

FIRE ROUNDS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE THEN WE SUBMERGE.. ALL RIGHT, FIRE!

THE NEXT MOMENT AT THE WATER FRONT, JAP SHELLS FIND THEIR TARGET!

WITHIN THE THEATRE THE AUDIENCE GETS PANICKY---

I'VE GOT TO GET HOME TO MY FAMILY!

WE'RE BEING BOMBED!

KEEP YOUR SEATS EVERY-ONE! YOU'LL BE MUCH SAFER!

SOUNDED LIKE CANNON FIRE... I MUST GET DOWN TO THE WATER-FRONT QUICKLY!

EXIT

PRINCE NAMOR QUICKLY ARRIVES AT THE WATERFRONT---

THERE GOES THE FLEET IN SEARCH OF THE ENEMY!

I CAN SWIM THE LENGTH OF THIS PIER FASTER THAN RUN IT--- MY BEST BET NOW IS TO GET TO THAT DESTROYER!

SUB MARINER SPEEDILY ARRIVES BESIDE THE DESTROYER...

AHOY, THERE! IT'S SUB-MARINER! I'D LIKE TO GET ABOARD!

WE'RE TOSSING YOU A LINE! HOLD ON AND WE'LL PULL YOU UP!

ANCHOR YOUR END AND I'LL CLIMB UP MUCH FASTER!

WITH GREAT STRENGTH PRINCE NAMOR SWIFTLY CLIMBS UP THE SHIP!

ANY SIGNS OF THE JAP SUB YET, CAPTAIN?

NONE SO FAR, SUB-MARINER! I'M AFRAID THEY GOT AWAY!

JUST THEN UP IN THE CROW'S NEST!

AHOY, BELOW! A SWIMMER DEAD AHEAD!

PRINCE NAMOR LOSES NO TIME IN GOING UP TO HAVE A LOOK...

A SWIMMER? WHAT'S HE DOING OUT HERE?

I'D BET TEN TO ONE HE'S HEADED TOWARD THE JAP SUB HE ACTS LIKE A SPY TO ME!

FRIED FISHCAKES... IF IT ISN'T....

...CHAMP WILDMER!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT GUY DIVE ALL THE WAY FROM THE CROW'S NEST!

SUBMARINER SOON CATCHES UP WITH WILDMER...

THIS IS CLOSE ENOUGH I'LL JUST FOLLOW AND SEE IF I'M RIGHT!

4 NAVY SCOUTING PLANE SPOTS THE JAP SUB...

THERE SHE IS!

FLY OVER THAT SPOT AGAIN AND WE'LL LET 'EM HAVE IT!

AND HOW!

THAT BETTER BE GOOD IT'S OUR ONLY ONE!

BUT IT ISN'T GOOD, AND.

WHAT TH.! WHY IT'S FISH FACE! COMING RIGHT TO PAPA!

BOO

HE'S OUT COLD! I SHOULD LET HIM GO, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET MY REVENGE ON HIM!

MEANWHILE IN THE JAP SUB...

HONORABLE ALLY NEARS WITH UNCONSCIOUS COMPANY, MUST BE A MELICAN... RAISE SHIP! STAND READY TO TAKE THEM ABOARD!

WILDMER AND THE UNCONSCIOUS PRINCE NAMOR ARE HAULED ABOARD.

THROW THE WHITE DOG BELOW.. HOLY NIPPON SALUTES HONORABLE ALLY!

THE PRISONER IS KNOCKED OUT FROM THE BOMB MEANT FOR YOU!

LATER INSIDE THE SUB...

THIS PRISONER IS A GREAT MENACE TO THE AXIS POWERS! LET US DISPOSE OF HIM QUICKLY!

HA! HA! NIPPON HAVE GREAT IDEA! WE TIE HIM TO TORPEDO AND SEND HIM TO AMERICAN DOG'S SHIP!

SUB-MARINER IS SECURELY BOUND TO THE END OF A TORPEDO!

UNCONSCIOUS ONE IS READY TO BE FIRED!

GOOD THING I CAME TO IN TIME TO EXPAND MY CHEST. THIS GIVES ME A CHANCE TO SAVE THE DESTROYER!

AMERICAN DESTROYER IN RANGE NOW... GET TO YOUR FIRING POSITIONS!

IS DEAD ON FIRE!

PRINCE NAMOR, IS NEARLY KNOCKED OUT BY THE IMPACT OF THE SHOT.

THAT NEARLY GOT ME! I'LL HAVE TO WORK AWFULLY FAST NOW!

RAISING HIS ARMS AND DEFLATING HIS CHEST, NAMOR BEGINS TO SLIDE LOOSE OF HIS BOUNDS.

THAT WAS EASY, BUT WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE DESTROYER FOR ME TO UNTIE MY HANDS!

AHOY!! TORPEDO STARBOARD! HEADED STRAIGHT FOR SHIP!

GRASPING THE HEAD OF THE TORPEDO AND USING ALL THE TERRIFIC SWIMMING POWER OF HIS LEGS, NAMOR MANAGES IN THE NICK OF TIME TO TURN THE TORPEDO OFF IT'S COURSE!

AH! MY PLAN WORKED!

AND ON THE SHIP THE CAPTAIN...

WELL I'LL BE... THE TORPEDO IS TURNING A CIRCLE...

AND IS HEADING **BACK** TO THE JAP SUB!

I'VE NEVER MADE A FASTER FRIEND THAN YOU, DEAR TORPEDO!! GO BACK TO NIPPON WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!

GOOD WORK, WILDMER! LETTING US KNOW JUST WHEN TO SHELL THE CITY! SOON THE WHITE DOG'S SHIP AND NAMOR WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS!

FOR HITLER AND TOJO! EH?

BUT INSTEAD ONE SUBMARINE, CREW, AND ONE SPY LESS FOR HITLER AND TOJO!

BLAM!

WORKING AT HIS BONDS NAMOR SWIFTLY GETS AWAY FROM THE EXPLOSION!

WONDER EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED THERE? MUST HAVE BEEN SUB-MARINER'S WORK BUT HOW?

DOING HIS DUTY AND SEEING NO ADVANTAGE IN MAKING A REPORT TO THE DESTROYER'S OFFICERS. PRINCE NAMOR GOES QUIETLY ON HIS WAY.

THAT'S DONE NOW FOR FORTY WINKS ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR!

THE END

SUB-MARINER

"IN THE MYSTERY OF SABOTAGE CITY"

EXTRA!!

JAP SUBS ATTACK MERCHANTMEN FROM SECRET BASE!

MONSTER STA
ALLIED SHIPPIN

STAR

PROFESSOR SM
SAYS A PREHIST-
ORIC MONSTER
EXISTING IS
POSSIBLE!

WHILE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SHOCK AND FASCINATE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC, SUB-MARINER SETS OUT IN SEARCH OF THIS STRANGE NEW ENEMY OF THE ALLIES!

HERE COMES ANOTHER CONVOY! THEY'RE APPROACHING THE DANGER AREA ...

I'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT! THE OTHER SINKINGS OCCURRED AROUND THIS POINT!

BOOM!

WOW! THAT SHIP'S BEEN TORPEDOED! CALLS FOR ACTION!

SUBMARINER DIVES DOWN UNDER THE WATER IN SEARCH OF THE ATTACKERS!

BOY... I'VE GOT QUITE A JOB ON MY HANDS!

A WOLF PACK OF JAP SUBS! BUT, WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SUB, THE JAP COMMANDER SHOUTS AN ORDER --

OPEN TUBE AND PREPARE ENTRANCE OF TORPEDOES!

THE JAPS RECEIVE A SURPRISE FOR THE TORPEDO TUBE SWINGS OPEN, EVEN AS THEY REACH FOR IT!

HOPE I'M NOT BARGING IN, SLANT-EYES!

YAMAMOTO! EETS SUBMARINER!

THE SUB-MARINER IMMEDIATELY SETS TO WORK EXTERMINATING THE JAP INFESTED SUB.

ONE SIDE, TERMITES! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

AH! TORPEDOES! THE IDEAL MATERIAL FOR REAL EXCITEMENT!

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE JAP SEAMEN LUNGES FORWARD, TACKLES SUBMARINER AND THE TWO TOPPLE TO THE SUBMARINE DECK . . . .

WHAT THE...!

PRINCE NAMOR STAGGERS UNDER THE SUDDEN ATTACK AND FALLS -- BUT SUDDENLY, HE TWISTS, KICKS OUT AND ---

A JU-JITSU ARTIST, EH? WELL, TAKE A LESSON, PAL!

NOW FOR THOSE TORPEDOES!

THIS TIN FISH SHOULD TAKE THE NIP OUT OF YOU WOLVES!

HONORABLE MAN OF THE SEA, NO! NO!

SUBMARINER HURLS THE TORPEDO AT THE JAP CREW...

-AND FLINGS HIMSELF THROUGH THE OPEN TORPEDO TUBE IN THE SAME INSTANT!

THIS EXIT HAS GOT TO BE FAST TO BE GOOD!

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, PRINCE NAMOR FLASHES AWAY FROM THE EXPLODING SUBMARINE!

WHEW... I JUST ABOUT MADE THAT! ANY CLOSER, AND I'D HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT!

WELL, ONE DOWN AND THE REST OF THE PACK TO GO!

MOVING SWIFTLY FROM ONE SUB TO ANOTHER, SUBMARINER FORCES THEM OFF THE COURSE..

IF I'M RIGHT, I SHOULD KILL THREE BIRDS WITH ONE SHOVE!!

FINALLY, WHEN THE MOMENTUM OF THE UNDER SEA CRAFT IS TOO GREAT TO STOP IN TIME .... SUBMARINER PUTS DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE ONCOMING BOATS...

THIS IS GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER SWELL BANG!

SUBMARINER IS NOT DISAPPOINTED!

BOOM!

AGHHHHH!

CRASH!

NEEEE!

THAT MAKES FOUR SUBS - TOJO WON'T HEAR FROM AGAIN! GUESS I'D BETTER GO SEE HOW MUCH DAMAGE THAT CONVOY SUFFERED... MAY NEED SOME HELP!

HOWEVER, WHEN NAMOR REACHES THE SURFACE....

WHAT IN THE NAME OF NEPTUNE!? A SEA MONSTER!!

HE'S PUSHING THOSE SHIPS AROUND EASIER THAN I CAN! SO, THOSE STORIES WERE TRUE!

HE-E-LP!

AAAGH!

SPEEDING TOWARD THE SCENE, SUBMARINER CUTS SHARPLY THROUGH THE ROUGH WATER IN THE HOPE OF FORSTALLING ANY FURTHER DAMAGE.

THIS IS ONE ENEMY I'VE NEVER TACKLED BEFORE BUT, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I TRY!

HOWEVER, BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE MONSTER - - -

WELL, FLAP MY FINS! HE'S TAKING THAT ALLIED SHIP UNDER WATER WITH HIM!

SUBMARINER PROMPTLY DESCENDS IN HASTY PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING MONSTER

HM! LOOKS AS IF HE'S HAULING THOSE SHIPS TO THE OCEAN BOTTOM!

THE SEA MONSTER SUDDENLY SWISHES HIS TAIL CREATING AN OBSCURING FOAM!

YEOW! NOT A CHANCE OF ME SEEING THROUGH THAT!

THAT MONSTER IS CUNNING AS WELL AS DANGEROUS! I GUESS I'VE LOST HIM! WONDER IF HE KNEW I WAS AFTER HIM?

WAIT-- CAN THIS POSSIBLY BE HIS FOOTPRINT? WHY, THIS IS AS BIG AS A SKYSCRAPER! WELL, AT LEAST I'M ON HIS TRAIL!

THE NEXT DAY...

OH, OH! THERE'S AN AMERICAN TANKER ON ITS OWN!

I'D BETTER ACCOMPANY IT UNTIL IT LEAVES THIS DANGER AREA!

STRANGE THERE'S NO SIGHT OF THE MONSTER TODAY -- WHOOP! GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON!

THERE HE GOES -- TAKING THE SHIP DOWN WITH HIM! WELL, THIS TIME I WON'T LOSE HIM!

SUBMARINER GRABS THE PROW OF THE ILL-FATED BOAT AND HANGS ON...

HERE'S WHERE I FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! LEAD THE WAY, CHUM!

THE MONSTER DESCENDS DEEPER AND DEEPER UNTIL HE FINALLY REACHES THE BOTTOM ...

WELL, WE'RE AT SEA BOTTOM .. NOW WHAT?

WHA.. ! WHAT'S THAT STRANGE NOISE !

THE SUBMARINER PEERS OVER THE SIDE AND BEHOLDS AN UNUSUAL SIGHT!

WOW! I MUST BE DREAMING! THE OCEAN FLOOR IS OPENING UP!

BUT THE SEA MONSTER STEPS THROUGH THE HUGE GAP WHILE THE SEA RUSHES IN WILDLY ...

THEN THE OCEAN DOOR SLOWLY CLOSES LEAVING THE DEADLY BEAST AND THE SUBMARINER IN THE WATER-FILLED CHAMBER ...

THIS FELLOW'S A PRETTY SMART SEA MONSTER...

SUBMARINER CONCEALS HIMSELF AND WATCHES CLOSELY ...

AN EXHAUST IS DRAWING THE WATER FROM THE CHAMBER!

ONCE EMPTY, THE FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER RISES TO REVEAL AN ELEVATOR ...

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE! I HAVE A PRETTY STRONG HUNCH THE AXIS IS BEHIND THIS SOMEHOW!

SLOWLY THE ELEVATOR DESCENDS WITH ITS TREMENDOUS BURDEN UNTIL -- AT THE BOTTOM, SUBMARINER SEES THE MOST AMAZING SIGHT HE HAS EVER WITNESSED!

JAP SUBS!! SO THIS IS WHERE THEIR SECRET BASE IS ... BUT, WHERE DOES THIS SEA MONSTER COME IN?

THE STRANGE BEAST STEPS FORWARD AND DROPS THE SHIP ON TOP OF A PILE OF OTHER DESTROYED ALLIED BOATS.

HEY... TAKE IT EASY!! LOOK OUT BELOW!

PRINCE NAMOR DIVES HURRIEDLY AND LANDS FEET FIRST AMONG SOME JAP WORKERS!

HELLO, BOYS -- ARE YOU THE GUYS WHO RUN THIS ARSENAL?

EEEEEEEE! THE AMERICAN DOG OF THE SEA IS HERE!

YOU RATS STARTED SOMETHING WHEN YOU ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR!

NOW WE'RE GOING TO FINISH IT! EH... WHAT'S THAT?

TNT

SUBMARINER TURNS TO SEE WHAT HAS ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION...

JAPS POURING OUT OF THE SEA MONSTER'S HEAD! SO THAT'S IT! A MECHANICAL MONSTER!

WELL, THIS TIN FISH OUGHT TO MAKE SHORT ORDER OF IT

FROM A SEA-MONSTER TO THE SCRAP HEAP IN ONE EASY LESSON!

THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION WHICH TEARS THE STRANGE MONSTER AND ITS JAP OPERATORS INTO MILLIONS OF SMALL PIECES!

NOW TO GET MY HANDS ON THE REST OF THESE NIPS!

B O M O

CALLING ON ALL HIS STRENGTH, SUBMARINER BREAKS THE WOODEN PLANKS THAT HOLD THE SUBMARINE PLATFORMS AND THEY COLLAPSE!

NOW FOR THE ELEVATOR AND THE KNOCKOUT BLOW!

STEPPING ON THE ELEVATOR, SUBMARINER PULLS THE CABLE AND THE MACHINE STARTS ON ITS UPWARD JOURNEY...

THIS SHOULD DO IT!

THE ELEVATOR GAINING SPEED RIPS INTO THE CHAMBER FLOOR WITH THE SUBMARINER STILL HANGING ON!

WOW!

THE RUNAWAY ELEVATOR PASSES THROUGH THE EMPTY CHAMBER AND TEARS A HUGE GAP INTO THE PARTITION... SENDING THE OCEAN STREAMING INTO THE GREAT MAN-MADE CAVITY!

THAT'S ONE MORE JAP IDEA OUT OF COMMISSION AND THE JAP SUB MENACE IS UNDER CONTROL FOR A WHILE! GUESS I'D BETTER GET TO WASHINGTON AND EXPLAIN ABOUT THAT MONSTER!

THE END

URGENT! SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HELLO, KIDS!

YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!**

GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD!** TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

DO IT NOW ... THIS MINUTE!

BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

THANKS, KIDS!

HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER

FOR EASY HANDLING!

NEWSPAPERS...

FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!

MAGAZINES...

TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!

CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...

FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!

WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!

PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

SUB-MARINER

IN BATTLE-SCARRED CHINA, **SUB-MARINER** COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE NOTORIOUS JAPANESE **MARSHAL ITO** IN A STRUGGLE THAT IS TO TURN THE TIDE AT "**THE BATTLE OF KWANGTO!**"

AN URGENT CALL SUMMONS SUB-MARINER TO NAVAL HEADQUARTERS!

HELLO, CAPTAIN STARK... WHAT'S UP?

GLAD YOU CAME, PRINCE NAMOR... WE HAVE A RADIO MESSAGE FOR YOU!

HERE IT IS... IT'S FROM BETTY DEAN IN CHINA!!

BETTY DEAN-- CHINA? WHAT'S SHE DOING THERE?

"PRINCE NAMOR...YOUR HELP URGENTLY NEEDED BY ME IN KWANGTO, CHINA... PLEASE COME AT ONCE. HOLY COW! HOW DID SHE GET THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

SHE QUIT HER JOB ON THE NEWSPAPER AND VOLUNTEERED TO HELP EVACUATE THE CHINESE ORPHANS FROM THE MISSIONS IN CHINA.

GOOD GRIEF... THERE'S A WAR ON... I'VE GOT NO TIME TO PLAY NURSEMAID TO A LOT OF KIDS!

RADIO MISS DEAN AND TELL HER I'M SORRY. BUT I THINK SHE'LL GET ALONG WITHOUT ME QUITE WELL.

ANYTHING YOU SAY NAMOR!

DOGGONE IT! BETTY MUST BE GOING OUT OF HER MIND... BUT THOSE POOR KIDS... I WONDER--?

YES... PRINCE NAMOR-- IN FAR OFF KWANGTO, BETTY DEAN WONDERS, TOO... AS SHE GATHERS HER WARDS...

ALL RIGHT CHILDREN... COUNT OFF! I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE ALL HERE!

YES, MISS DEAN... WE HERE!

KWANGTO MISSION

SUDDENLY...

MADAME ...YOU MUST HURRY--- MARSHAL ITO AND HIS TROOPS ARE ENTERING THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TOWN!

OHHH...

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET THESE TOTS TO SAFETY ACROSS THE RIVER, NOW... OHH, SUB-MARINER...WHERE ARE YOU?

AT THAT VERY MOMENT...AT THE NORTH END OF TOWN...THE JAPS!

AH-H-H

BANZAI! THE CITY IS OURS...KILL THOSE WHO DARE OPPOSE US!

BAM!

...AND BEHIND HIS SADISTIC WARRIORS...THE DESPISED MARSHAL ITO!

HAH! IT IS GOOD SPORT TO SEE THE HELPLESS SCUM DRIVEN TO THEIR KNEES!

ROUND UP ONE HUNDRED CIVILIANS FOR IMMEDIATE EXECUTION AS TRIBUTE TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, HONORABLE HIROHITO!

THE JAPS SPARE NO ONE IN THEIR ROUNDUP!

HURRY, MISERABLE ONES...THE MARSHAL AWAITS YOU!

THE SWORD OF VENGEANCE YET WILL DOOM YOUR CARCASSES!

SHUT UP, OLD ONE!

BETTY DEAN AND HER CHARGES ARE NOT SPARED!

AH! A WHITE SKINNED ONE! THE MARSHAL WILL LIKE THAT!

RATS!

THEY ARE ASSEMBLED BEFORE THE BESTIAL MARSHAL ITO...

AH! AN AMERICAN GIRL! HAVE HER BROUGHT FORTH!!

YES, HONORABLE LEADER!

YOU ARE MUCH TOO YOUNG AND PRETTY TO DIE...

IF YOU DON'T MIND, SNAKE EYES -- I'D RATHER BE EXECUTED, THAN...

YOU WATCH... IT WILL BE GREAT SHOW!

BARBARIANS!

AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT -- TWO MILES DOWNSTREAM... NAMOR SPEEDS UP THE RIVER

COULDN'T LET BETTY DOWN... SHE MAY BE IN REAL DANGER!

SUDDENLY, THE CONSTANT CHATTER OF DREAD MACHINE GUN FIRE!

HOLY HALIBUT! THE INSANE FOOLS ARE MASSACRING THE CIVILIANS!!

IT-IT CAN'T BE! B-BUT IT IS! PRINCE NAMOR... YOU'VE COME!

THE SUB-MARINER! HERE?

ALL RIGHT, YOU HEATHEN BUTCHERS!

ONE SIDE, RATS!

TRY THE RECEIVING END OF THIS POM-POM!

YEOW!!

GIVE THEM WHAT THEY DESERVE, NAMOR!

SO THE GIRL KNOWS SUB-MARINER... PERHAPS HE'S ENAMORED TO HER... WE SHALL SEE...

OH!

PLEASE... YOU STAND STILL!

SURRENDER... OR THE GIRL DIES!

WHA... HE'S GOT ME TRUMPED! I DON'T WANT BETTY TO GET HURT! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO STOP!!

TWO BURLY JAPS BRING NAMOR TO THE MARSHAL...

YOU DO NOTHING WRONG OR THE GIRL DIES... UNDERSTAND?

YES... I UNDER-STAND!

BRING THEM TO MY CASTLE HEADQUARTERS ...I HAVE A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR THEM!

IT IS DONE, HONORABLE ONE!

INSIDE THE FORESBODING CASTLE...

HOW DOES IT LOOK, SUB-MARINER?

LOOKS LIKE A SUPER-TORTURE CHAMBER!

THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT IT IS! HOLD HIM!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH MONKEY-BUSINESS...I'LL BREAK YOU...

DR. SOKU... THE ETHER! STOP HIM!!

YEAH...TRY AN' STOP ME!!

I DO...

A SPONGEFUL OF THE POWERFUL ANESTHESIA IS FLUNG INTO NAMOR'S FACE!

YEOW! ETHER!!

BREATHE THIS FOOL!

CAN'T H-HOLD OUT...G-GOING TO S-SLEEP...

GOOD WORK, DR. SOKU -- HAVE THEM LASHED TO THE TABLE!

HE SLEEPS PEACEFULLY... FOREVER!

Then...

I AM READY FOR THE BLOOD TEST, HONORABLE MARSHAL!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

CALM YOUR-SELF...

BUT WHY THE BLOOD TEST?

TO FIND OUT WHAT TYPE BLOOD YOU BOTH HAVE... AH! HERE COMES DR. SOKU WITH THE RESULTS!

THEIR TYPES DIFFER...

GOOD! START THE TRANSFUSION AT ONCE!

DR. SOKU IS GOING TO TRANSFER YOUR BLOOD TO PRINCE NAMOR'S... HE WILL DIE A SLOW DEATH FOR YOUR BLOOD WILL NOT MIX WITH HIS!

Y-YOU INHUMAN BEAST... NO!

HIS IMPERIAL MA TESTY, HIROHITO SHALL REWARD ME IN PERSON FOR THIS DEED... **DEATH TO THE SUB-MARINER!**

HE MOVES! THE ETHER HAS WORN OFF...

SAY... WHAT GOES ON HERE...

MORE ETHER! HURRY, YOU **FOOL!**

A THOUSAND DEATHS TO HIM ...HE'S NOT **HUMAN!**

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

ONE POWERFUL BURST OF STRENGTH, AND...

THAT DID IT... I'M **FREE!!**

SNAP!

SUBY

A GLEAMING SCALPEL APPEARS...

I'LL SEVER HIS JUGULAR... HE'LL BLEED TO DEATH...

OH-OH!

DIE!

YOU MEAN, DUCK, TOOTS!

THE KEEN EDGED MISSILE FLIES PAST NAMOR, AND...

MISSED! NOW FOR THAT SCALPEL THROWING SNAKE!!

YI-EEEEE! DON'T TOUCH ME!!

WHERE YOU GOING, DOC?

A POWERFUL RIGHT TO THE JAW AND 'DOC' GOES CRASHING INTO THE ELECTRIFIED OPERATING TABLE

HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOYS AT GUADALCANAL!

BOP!

I'M BEING ELECTRO-CUTED— A-AG!

WITHIN SPLIT SECONDS, NAMOR TURNS TO MARSHAL ITO!

HO! WE'RE ALONE... WHAT DO YOU KNOW!

GUARDS! GUARDS!!

GOSH... THIS PLACE HAS QUITE A FEW CALLERS...

KILL THE INFIDEL!

GET HIM!

THE GUARDS ARE BEATEN BACK!

BAM!

SOCK!

BOP!

MARSHAL ITO HAVING DISAPPEARED, PRINCE NAMOR RELEASES BETTY!

BETTY... YOUR KIDS ARE IN THE COURTYARD BELOW... TAKE THEM AND I'LL MEET YOU BY THE RIVER AFTER I'VE CLEANED THINGS UP HERE!

NAMOR... PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

WHEN BETTY LEAVES...

THAT RAT, ITO MUST STILL BE AROUND! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

AND DOWN IN THE COURTYARD... MARSHAL ITO!

WE'RE GOING BACK WITH REINFORCEMENTS! WE MUST SLAY SUB-MARINER!

YES HONORABLE ITO!

JUST THEN...

HO! THERE IS THE GIRL WITH HER CHILDREN! SHE CAUSED ME LOT OF GRIEF!

SHOOT HER DOWN!!

WE GO!

MEANWHILE...

GOOD GRIEF! HE'S GOING TO HAVE BETTY AND THE KIDS MACHINE GUNNED!

SWIFTLY NAMOR LEAPS, AND...

IT'S HIM AGAIN!

HOLD YOUR FIRE KILLERS!!

BANG!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

...LANDS WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT!

I MUST ESCAPE!

CRASH!

TASTE SOME KNUCKLES, INFERNAL DROT!

WAK!

THAT FINISHES THE... BETTY GOT AWAY... GOOD! SAY.. WHERE'S THE MARSHAL? HE ESCAPED ME TOO! THAT'S BAD...

BUT---

LOOKING FOR ME?

OH...THERE YOU ARE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

BUT JUST THEN...TWO TANKS BEAR DOWN UPON PRINCE NAMOR FROM EITHER DIRECTION!

GOOD GOSH! A TRAP!!

TRY GETTING OUT OF THIS ONE, SUB-MARINER!

WOW! THEY'RE BOTH COMING HEAD ON! I'LL BE PULVERIZED!--

...IF I DON'T SCRAM!

NAMOR HURLS HIMSELF TO THE GROUND!

MADE IT!!

?

BAM!

HOLD IT, GRUESOME!

DON'T! LET ME GO!

HERE'S WHERE YOU MEET YOUR BLOODY ANCESTORS, MARSHAL!

NO... STOP!

THE KILLER PULLS A HAND GRENADE FROM HIS TUNIC, AND...

WE BOTH DIE, SUB-MARINER!

OH-OH! TROUBLE!!

SPOTTING AN AMMUNITION DUMP, NAMOR TOSSES THE MARSHAL TOWARD IT!

IF YOU ARE SO HEP ON DYING... DO IT ALONE!

A VIOLENT EXPLOSION HAILS THE END OF MARSHAL ITO!

BLAM!

GOOD GRIEF! THAT EXPLOSION SET OFF ALL THE AMMUNITION DUMPS IN TOWN!

SECONDS LATER...

NAMOR... YOU'RE SAFE!

GET YOUR KIDS INTO THAT BOAT! THIS WHOLE TOWN IS GOING TO PIECES!

PRINCE NAMOR PROVIDES SPEEDY TRANSPORTATION ACROSS THE RIVER...

YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW... THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT OF THE VILLAGE!

AND ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE...

WE'RE SAFE AND SOUND NOW! OH, NAMOR... IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I... WE...

I COULD KISS YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

NIX ON THAT! DESTROYING JAPS IN THAT VILLAGE WAS ENOUGH REWARD! BESIDES, I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO!

THE END

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

WITH the flat report of the rifle shot still ringing in his ears, Dave Williams started down toward the deserted huddle of buildings in the valley below.

High overhead a red-tail hawk whistled tenuously and Dave paused, staring down to where old Hank Crawford's sprawled body lay beside the building he'd been searching.

Typically a part of the old west, as it had been years ago, old Hank Crawford had been a decent sort. Dave Williams threw off the cold lethargy gripping him. His hand slid under his coat, fondled the butt of the flat automatic. Then he moved forward, skirting the rim of the valley, coming down from the back.

Carefully Dave Williams approached. He and Hank had combed this deserted ghost town a couple of times over, and hadn't found even a sign of the escaped prisoner. But Hank was out there sprawled on his face. Dave had heard the shot. There must be someone here. Venturing out there was like hanging himself. But Dave had to chance it.

The sun was going down beyond the wall of the valley, touching fleetingly the buildings, climbing their edges to the top, resting a brief moment on the old water tower at the far end of town. Dave watched the ruddy light fade, moved on to the edge of the building.

Then he sprinted forward, knelt swiftly and gathered old Hank Crawford's crumpled body into his arms. Plunging awkwardly back Dave expected at any second to hear the crack of a rifle.

Reaching the shelter of the buildings, Dave set his burden down, made a sufficient examination to show Hank was far from dead. The slug had only creased the side of his head. Dave drew a breath of relief. He didn't mind the hills too much, not with someone like Hank along. But he didn't want to be left alone.

DAVE made Hank comfortable back in camp, on the opposite side of the ridge. He slung a pail of water over the fire to heat. Hank grumbled angrily, "Tight squeak, mister. Good thing I'm tough."

"I was thinking the same thing." Dave opened the first aid kit. "You near got caught instead of doing the catching."

Hank rolled his shaggy head to stare over at his companion. "I know what you're thinkin,' mister. You're figurin' I ain't so smart after all, eh? Me, walking into a hunk of lead this way. Only thing worried you was having to shift fer yourself."

Dave chuckled. "I'll admit I'm not much good at this sort of thing."

"You city cops," old Hank growled. "Just because you were sent out special—Hey! Go easy with that! What in blazes you puttin' on me?"

"I thought you were so all fired tough."

"They'll have to get me between the ears before I'll lay down to stay. Y'gotta be tough to be deputy sheriff of this county for 30 years."

Dave completed the job of bandaging. For an amateur it looked okay. Hank seemed to have recovered considerably. After he dozed off, Dave sat watching the dark set in. Dave stood up. He had to go over into the valley again. Someone had nicked Hank . . . probably the escaped prisoner. Dave knew he had to get him. Now—tonight. Or it would be too late.

Dave made his way over into the valley. Reaching the first of the weathered buildings, he let himself sink into the shadows. Somewhere a door swung on its hinges, banging open and shut. Again Dave moved forward. There were eighteen or twenty buildings. It was a hit or miss proposition. He paused, started across the dusty street at a trot—

Something whanged past his ear and desperately Dave hurled himself into the welcome shadows beside an old hotel. The sound of the shot came to him, distant and soft. Gun in hand, Dave peered out. For a moment panic

gripped him as he remembered old Hank back in camp with a bad scalp wound.

Grimly Dave turned back toward camp. He'd have to wait for morning. He couldn't leave Hank alone. The would-be killer would probably do his best to eliminate them, in order to conceal his own place of hiding.

The fire was now a bed of dim embers. For a moment Dave stood motionless, peering toward the ground where Hank had been lying.

But old Hank Crawford was gone!

Uneasily Dave turned to peer into the darkness. Had old Hank heard the shot and, in spite of his condition, gone out to help? Or had the man who had attempted to take their lives, been here already, perhaps finishing Hank off, while even now lining his sights up on Dave?

SILVERY moonlight lay on the buildings like a thin layer of frosting. Dave Williams moved down toward them, taking advantage of every clump of bushes. Occasionally he paused. He was almost in the valley when he saw the light out across the flats where the old water tank stood.

The light was at the bottom, an eerie light that flickered up once, twice, then died down to a faint glow and finally went out altogether. Tense, Dave started forward, gun in hand.

Once more the light flickered up, then vanished. And Dave paused, eyes riveted to the old tower, from which smoke was filtering. The moon tinted it faintly with a blue-white light, and as Dave stared, watching the smoke drift out, he saw something else.

Someone was climbing out. A man who slid hastily over the edge of the tower, feet reaching for the rungs leading down—

Somewhere a rifle cracked. The man was half way to the ground. He started to fall, stopped himself, swinging by one hand. He swarmed down almost to the ground when the sound of another flat report broke the stillness.

The man dropped. Dave started forward. He saw the man leap up, slinging a rifle from his shoulder, leveling it. . . .

The gun in Dave's hand smashed sharply. Again Dave fired, the two reports blending closely on the chill air.

The man staggered, turned and sprawled to his face.

DAVE stood looking down. Hank held the lantern close to the man on the ground.

"He's yourn," Hank said simply. "Some papers here in his pocket. Mebbe you can understand 'em better'n I kin. Looks like mumbo-jumbo to me."

"German," Dave said, glancing over the wrinkled papers Hank handed him. "Yes, he's our man." Dave hesitated, staring at his companion. "How come you're here? When I saw that infernal light under the water tower—"

"Fire," Hank explained softly. "With plenty of green leaves to make a smoke, right under the pipe leading up into that tower. Our friend here was hiding in it!"

"Nice going," Dave conceded softly. "You learn from experience, I guess. Things the books don't teach you."

Hank nodded. "I reckon so. I learned a lot no book'll ever teach me." He added: "Reckon you could learn something, though. You gotta fix this danged bandage so's it won't go slippin' over my eyes again. Like it did jest now. One thing I never could do was shoot blindfolded!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Sub-Mariner Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Sub-Mariner Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation,) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Manvis Publications, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Manvis Publications, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1943.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires, March 30, 1945.)

THE ANGEL

TAKES A HAND IN THE CHARITY BAZAAR MURDERS!

MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, JUST BEFORE BANK CLOSING TIME...

OKAY, BOYS... CIRCULATE... THERE MUSTN'T BE ANY SLIP-UPS!

THERE WON'T!

CLERKS FREEZE BEFORE GLINTING GUNS...

OOH!

THIS IS A STICK-UP... EVERYONE STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, BOYS!

BANK

SUDDENLY, THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL OBSCURES THE PAVEMENT!

YIPES! THE ANGEL!

PLUG 'IM!

YOU'RE FINISHED, MALONE!

DE COPS... WE'RE TRAPPED!

THE ANGEL BROUGHT THEM!

SURRENDER, MALONE!

SURRENDER! MY NECK!

BLAM!

UGH!

BUT, A WELL AIMED BULLET BRINGS TO A JUST END THE CAREER OF **TOM MALONE**..

YAAGHH--- THEY GOT ME!

THAT EVENING ...

DAILY WORLD

TOM MALONE AND GANG SLAIN OUTSIDE BANK

HEADQUARTERS SAY THEIR ELIMINATION DUE TO QUICK WORK OF THE ANGEL

THREE PEOPLE ARE DEEPLY AFFECTED BY THE NEWS... TOM MALONE'S CHILDREN ...

HE'S DEAD ... THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM!

IT-IT'S ALL THE ANGEL'S FAULT!

POP WUZ A GOOD GUY... NOW HE'S GONE!

WE MUST TAKE STEPS FOR REVENGE...

YES ... AGAINST THE ANGEL! HE IS ENTIRELY RESPONSIBLE!

WATCHA GONNA DO?

FIRST WE MUST LURE THE ANGEL TO US ... AHH ... I HAVE IT!

LOOK, HERE'S SOMETHING IN THE PAPER: MRS. VAN NEST GIVING A WAR RELIEF CHARITY BAZAAR... AND THE ANGEL WILL BE PRESENT....

SO WHAT?

PETE MALONE OUTLINES HIS PLAN...

SIS, YOU'RE GOING TO MRS. VAN NEST AND APPLY FOR A VOLUNTEER JOB AND THEN ...

GO ON!

THE NEXT DAY, AT MRS. VAN NEST'S HOME...

ALL RIGHT, MISS MALONE... WE CAN USE YOU AS AN USHER IN THE TENT WHERE MY JEWEL COLLECTION IS ON DISPLAY...

THANK YOU, MRS. VAN NEST!

PAT RETURNS WITH GOOD NEWS...

I GOT THE JOB... MRS. VAN NEST DOESN'T SUSPECT I'M TOM MALONE'S DAUGHTER!

SWELL! EVERYTHING'S JAKE SO FAR! NOW WE'LL GET READY!

OPENING NIGHT OF THE BAZAAR FINDS THE ANGEL IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE, INTENT ON DIVERSION...

LOOKS LIKE A NICE AFFAIR... AND FOR A WORTHY CAUSE ALL RIGHT!

MILLION DOLLAR JEWEL COLLECTION

THE JEWEL COLLECTION IS ATTRACTING QUITE A FEW PEOPLE... THE RIGHT PEOPLE I TRUST! I'LL TAKE THAT IN LATER.

HOWEVER, ANGEL DOES NOT SEE THE WRONG PEOPLE...

TWO PLEASE!

MILLION DOLLAR JEWEL COLLECTION ADMISSION $1

THANK YOU!

THERE'S SUE, PETE... SHE JUST GAVE US THE HIGH SIGN!

GOOD! EVERYTHING MUST BE ALL RIGHT!

BUY WAR STAMPS

OKAY, DAN... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO... BEAT IT NOW!

RIGHT!

PETE WANTS ME TO START A FIRE AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAZAAR TO STIR UP EXCITEMENT! THAT'LL KEEP NOSEY PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE JEWEL TENT!

THIS PLACE OUGHT TO BE OKAY... NOW TO GET THE FIRE STARTED!

BUT, THE ANGEL SPOTS DAN IN THE ACT!

GOOD GRIEF... A JUVENILE PYROMANIAC!

HA! THIS'LL SEND 'EM SCREAMIN'!

HOLD ON, FIREBUG!

HEY... LEMME ALONE!

FIRE!

FIRE!

RING THE FIRE ALARM!

AIEE!

AS THE FEARED YELL OF "FIRE" RINGS THROUGHOUT THE GROUNDS...

NOW'S OUR CHANCE! QUICK!

DANNY'S DONE A GOOD JOB!

HERE... I'LL SHATTER THE GLASS!

AND I'LL STUFF THE GEMS INTO THIS BAG!

CRASH!

BUT...

OHHH! THIEVES!

IT'S MRS. VAN NEST!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!

SORRY... BUT I CAN'T HAVE YOU ATTRACT ANYONE!

OHHH!

SLAP!

C'MON, LET'S BEAT IT WHILE THERE'S STILL SOME EXCITEMENT OUTSIDE!

RIGHT!

BUT, THE VENGEFUL FIGURE OF THE ANGEL TEARS FOR PETE...

NOT SO FAST WITH THOSE JEWELS!

WHA...!?! TH' ANGEL!

HERE, SIS... GRAB THE ROCKS AND RUN! I'LL FIX HIM!

GOT THEM!

NOW TAKE A DOSE OF GUN-BUTT, ANGEL!

OWW!

BLAM

THE ANGEL IS MOMENTARILY STUNNED...

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO BEAT IT!

WOW, MY JAW!

THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE JEWELS... TOO BAD. OH WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT NOW I'LL SEE WHAT THAT YOUNGSTER HAD TO DO WITH THIS!

ON AN EMPTY BOOTH WHERE THE ANGEL HAD LEFT DAN TIED UP FOR SAFEKEEPING...

ALL RIGHT, SON... YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH ME!

YIPES! YOU'RE THE ANGEL!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE ANGEL'S APARTMENT...

OKAY, KID... INSIDE!

AW! LET ME GO!

7

LISTEN, I KNOW YOURE PART OF THAT JEWEL GANG... YOU STARTED THE FIRE TO CREATE PANIC.... ...SPEAK UP! WHO'S IN BACK OF THIS?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

YOU LITTLE BRAT... I OUGHT TO SPANK YOU!

DON'T TOUCH ME, ANGEL... OR YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!

YOU KILLED MY DAD! HE'D HAVE BEEN ALIVE AND WE'D ALL BE RICH IF YOU HADN'T BROUGHT THE COPS ON HIM WHILE HE WAS HOLDIN' UP THE BANK.

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU'RE NOT **TOM MALONE'S** SON??

YEAH! **DANNY MALONE**, THAT'S ME! AN' YOU AIN'T GOING TO KILL ME, ANGEL!

DANNY BECOMES A MINIATURE TORNADO!

BECAUSE I'LL KILL YOU FIRST!

HEY!?!

DAN BOLTS FOR THE DOOR.

SO LONG, ANGEL!

COME BACK, YOU FOOL KID!

7

HOPE I PRETENDED TO BE SURPRISED ENOUGH TO FOOL THE KID. I WANT TO SEE WHERE HE GOES!

THERE HE GOES! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, DANNY... KEEP GOING!

MEANWHILE AT THE MALONE'S HOME ...

HO! WHAT A HAUL!

IT'S NICE, ALL RIGHT... BUT WHERE'S DANNY?

YEAH, THE KID SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK AN HOUR AGO! WONDER IF HE GOT CAUGHT... NAW... HE'S TOO SMART!

LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COME IN THE HOUSE.

IT MUST BE DAN! I KNEW HE'D MAKE IT!

HI' YA.. WAITIN' FER ME?

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

YEAH... SPILL IT!

I JUST GOT AWAY FROM THE ANGEL! HAW! DID DANNY MALONE OUTSMART HIM!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?

DAN TELLS WHAT HAPPENED.

...SO HERE I AM!

HMM! TH' ANGEL IS TOO SMART TO LET YOU ESCAPE! HE DID IT TO TRAIL YOU HERE!

DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG, PETE?

SHUCKS NO! THIS'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET THE ANGEL FOR SURE! WE'LL HAVE REVENGE FOR POP'S DEATH THIS TIME!

SWELL!

SOME MINUTES LATER...

EVERYTHING'S SET FOR THE ANGEL'S RECEPTION! NOW OUT WITH THE LIGHTS AND GET IN YOUR PLACE, DANNY!

OKEY DOAKEY!

OUT IN THE HALL, A MANTLED FIGURE STEALTHFULLY COMES THROUGH THE DOOR... THE ANGEL!

THE KID WENT INTO THIS HOUSE... HMM—PITCH BLACK!

AT THE LIBRARY DOOR...

STRANGE... THERE'S A FIRE ON IN THE FIREPLACE!

SUDDENLY, LIGHTS FLICK ON, AND...

ALL RIGHT, DANNY... PULL!

WHA?

AH! THE JEWELS!

BUT WHY ALL THIS... UNLESS...?

THE ROPE IS PULLED AND THE ANGEL SWINGS UP INTO THE AIR!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER GOT CAUGHT UPSIDE DOWN!

HAW! WE GOT HIM!

YOU BET! FASTEN THE ROPE.

HA! I TOLD YOU WE'D GET YOU, ANGEL!

PILE THOSE LOGS UNDER HIM, DAN!

HA! WE'RE GOING TO GIVE HIM A HOT ENDING!

HERE, DANNY... YOU DO THE HONORS!

G-GEE... THANKS!

REMEMBER, I SAID I'D KILL YOU?

DON'T BE A SUCKER, DANNY! IF I DON'T GET YOU THREE, THE LAW WILL!

SO LONG, ANGEL! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS!

YOU'LL BE THE ONE TO DO THE PRAYING YET!

THE FLAMES LICK CLOSER AND CLOSER TO ANGEL...

YEOW... I'M STARTING TO ROAST... I MUST GET OUT OF THIS...

THERE'S ONE WAY OUT... A LONG CHANCE! I'LL NEED A PIECE OF MY CAPE HERE!

R-R-RIP!

THE ANGEL LOWERS THE PIECE OF CAPE INTO THE FIRE...

IT'S STARTING TO BURN.. GOOD!

NOW TO BURN THE ROPE!

EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE ANGEL BRINGS UP HIS BODY AND GRABS THE ROPE HOLDING HIM...

THERE-- SHE'S ALMOST BURNED THROUGH!

NOW I'LL SWING A LITTLE ... TO BREAK THE ROPE!

ACCORDING TO PLAN, THE ROPE BREAKS AND...

WHEW! I'M **FREE!** JUST SHAKE OFF THIS ROPE AND I'LL BE ALL SET!

JUST THEN, THE SOUND OF A CAR

HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN A CAR! THAT WINDOW...

A FLYING LEAP AND THE ANGEL HURTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW---

I MUST STOP THEM!

AND AS THE CAR ROARS BY...

NHA-?!

HEY--- ULP!

QUIET, SQUIRT!

NOW JAM ON THE BRAKES, OR I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!

UGH-H-H! PAT... STOP HIM!

LET MY BROTHER ALONE!

OH-OH!

THERE... THAT'LL STOP YOU!

BAM

PAT... GRAB THE WHEEL... I CAN'T SEE!

OW-W!

HIT BY A TERRIFIC BLOW, THE ANGEL SLUMPS OVER PETE, UNCONSCIOUS...

I CAN'T CONTROL IT... SHE'S GOING OFF THE ROAD!

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH! AIEEE!

A DEAFENING CRASH AND PAT IS HURLED OUT OF THE CAR!

AAAAGH!

SECONDS LATER...

PETE! PETE... WAKE UP! YOU ALL RIGHT?

HUH? YEAH! I'M OKAY ...WHERE'S ANGEL?

THERE HE IS... DEAD TO THE WORLD!

THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE HE STAYS DEAD!

AS THE ANGEL STIRS...

OH.. SO YOU'RE COMING AROUND, EH?

OW-W

DIE, ANGEL... DIE! HA! HA!

BUT, JUST THEN, DANNY YELLS...

PETE, PETE! SIS IS DEAD! THE CRASH KILLED HER!

HUH... WHAT?

WOW! SAVED BY THE "CALL"!

PETE RUSHES TO HIS SISTER'S BODY...

SIS... NO... DON'T DIE... OHH... IT WAS ALL MY FAULT!

STRICKEN WITH ACUTE GRIEF, PETE GOES BERSERK...

YAGHHH! I KILLED HER! IT COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED... I KILLED HER... HEE, HEEE!...

HEY!

...AND RUNS MADLY FROM THE SCENE OF DEATH....

I KILLED HER.. HEEEE!

PETE... WAIT!

THE POOR FOOL... RAN RIGHT OFF THE CLIFF...

AAAAAAAAAGH

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP!

HAA! I MURDERED MY SISTER! HYAAGH!

PETE MALONE COMES TO A DISMAL, HORRIFYING END.

SPLASH!

THE ANGEL RETURNS TO DANNY...

WELL, DANNY... YOUR BROTHER...

-(SOB) I KNOW... I SAW IT!

GEE, ANGEL... WHY DID WE DO IT? NOW THEY'RE DEAD... ALL OF 'EM 'CEPTIN' ME!

THAT'S RIGHT, DANNY! PERHAPS IT IS JUST AS WELL!

YOU'RE YOUNG, DANNY... YOU CAN START LIFE ANEW AND BECOME A GOOD, LAW RESPECTING CITIZEN... YOU SHOULD, AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED!

YEAH, ANGEL! I HAD THIS CRIME ANGLE ALL WRONG... I'LL DO WHAT YOU TELL ME TO!

COME ON, DANNY- WE'LL BE LEAVING NOW...

(SOB)

AND SO ONCE MORE THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS ACROSS A SCENE OF HORROR WHICH PROVES THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

HI FELLERS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO EARN MONEY AND PRIZES

V FOR VICTORY
BUY WAR STAMPS
Uncle Sam needs your help in winning this war. You can do your share by obtaining War Stamps. Send me the coupon on the bottom of this page and learn how you can earn War Stamps and prizes by delivering Collier's to regular customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood.
FISHING OUTFIT
CAMERA
G-MEN SET

You Can Win These PRIZES Without Cost!

It's fun! It's easy, earning MONEY and PRIZES the Collier's way. Don't envy other fellows who have money to spend whenever they want it. Build up a business of your own that will put CASH in your pocket every week, in addition to which you can earn War Saving Stamps and lots of swell prizes like the ones pictured on this page. All you have to do is deliver Collier's, the popular national weekly, to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. If other fellows can pile up cash profits, War Saving Stamps and prizes—you can do it too! Remember, you earn BOTH cash and prizes. Don't waste another moment "wishing." Fill out and mail coupon today. Hurry! Don't let your pals beat you to it.

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FILL OUT - MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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Springfield, Ohio

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NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official PLANE models

SOME KNIFE AND THE BLADES ARE SO EASY TO RENEW, TOO!
OH, SURE — IN ABOUT A SECOND, 8 BLADES, TOO — ONE FOR EACH JOB!
SEE! WHAT TO MAKE FOR HOBBY? TOO! ... AN' SO EASY, BUT!
SAY, BEEN A PLANE? HOW'S TO MAKE IT?
CAN'T I USE AN X-ACTO SET - FOR SPEED AND ACCURACY?
OKAY! DAD — THANKS A MILLION!
free!
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